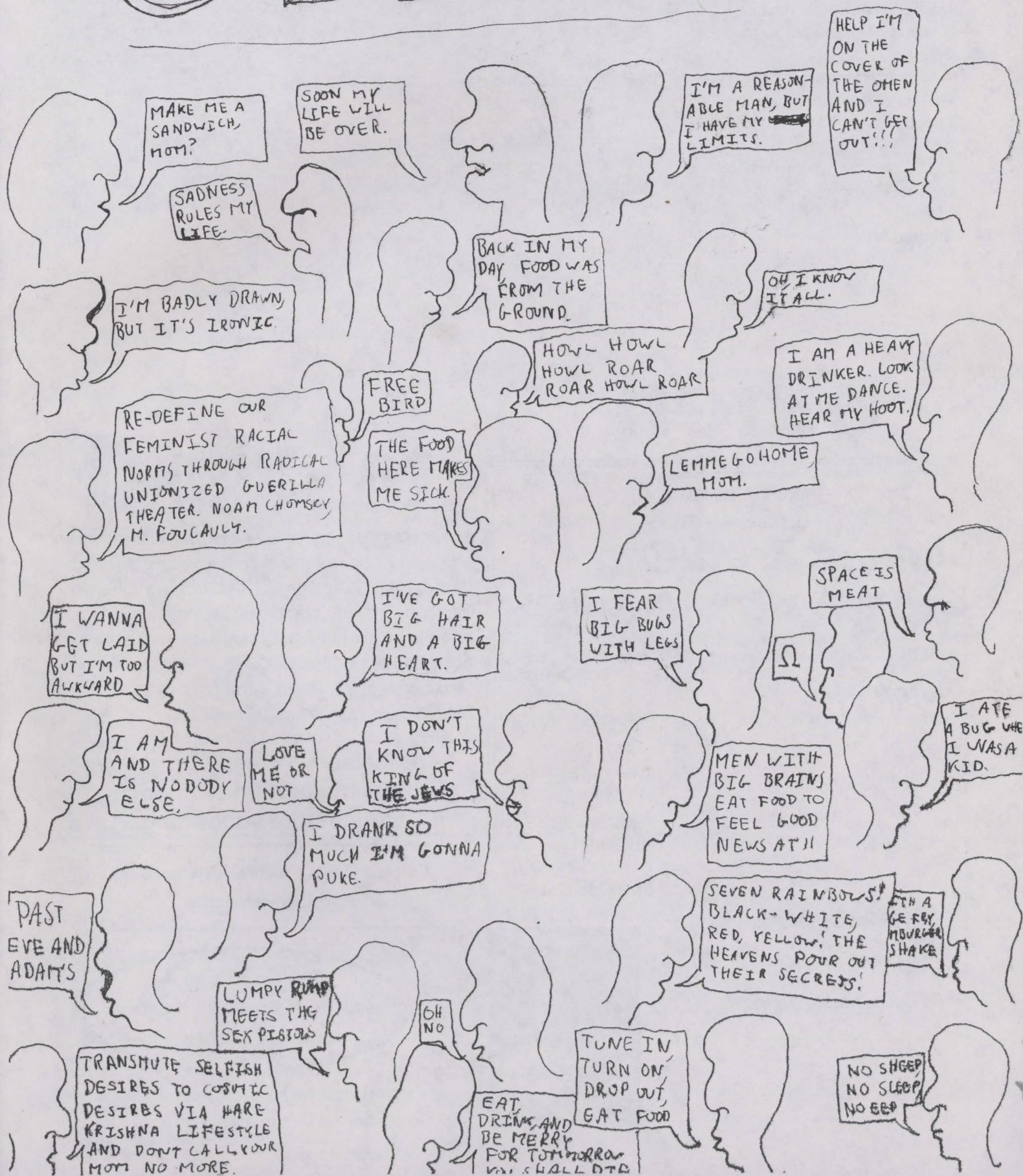


OMEN

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layout & editing

Michele Clark	Farschnoshket
Josh Hilliard	Crunked
Jacob Lefton	...woah...
Molly McLeod	Lorem Ipsum
Abby Ohlheiser	Crapulent
Michael Peterson	FUCK!

Front Cover by:
Shalin Scupham
Back Cover by:
Andrew Flanagan
New Layout by:
Molly McLeod

THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

Views in the Omen (5)
Do not necessarily (7)
Reflect the staff's views (5)



to submit

Submissions are due Saturdays before 5 p.m. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Abby Ohlheiser, Merrill C313, x4361. You may also use e-mail. Send e-mail submissions to awo03@hampshire.edu

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.

Visit the Omen's spankin' new website!
omen.hampshire.edu

I tolerate vaginas
like I tolerate black people...
They're okay.

- Overheard by Jacob Lefton during interviews for an Omen article.

theomen • 03

COMPUTERMAN HATES PERSON MAN. THEY HAVE A FIGHT, COMPUTERMAN WINS.

Editorial

by Abby Ohlheiser, Editor-in-Chief

Hampshire Halloween and I have had a somewhat volatile relationship, but not for the usual reasons. Last year at around 2 pm (two hours before campus closed in preparation for the event), my computer died. It started making airplane noises and refused to load my OS. When I eventually took it to a computer shop in Northampton, I had the pleasure of seeing a group of so-called computer experts marvel at the noises coming out of my machine. "Holy crap, that's loud! Hey guys, come hear this! Isn't it WEIRD?"

This was, of course, after talking to an Apple help guy over the phone, who could hear the noise coming from the computer through the phone, and who told me to be careful because "it sounds like it might explode or something".

I have no reason to dread the festivities of the night, but I cannot help but worry about the possibility of a repeat performance. My computer is making noises similar to the ones it made right before it died last year. I can tell it's not happy with me, and there's nothing I can do to cheer it up. I have tried cuddling, talking nicely, giving it extra time to rest, telling it how pretty it looks today, and pleading. I'm not superstitious as a rule, but I have found myself backing up my data twice a day for the past week, just in case.

My friend has the same computer as I do, and hers has crashed twice, despite having the hard drive re-

placed after the first time. I think it's a conspiracy. This year, I'm ready. Instead of losing eight pages of a large paper that I had not yet backed up as was the case last year, All my computer can take away from me this time are a couple episodes of Curb Your Enthusiasm.

Dealing with the death of a computer on the night of the biggest party of the year is rather difficult. There is no escape from Hampshire Halloween on campus. You must either leave or submit. I thought my non-quad side room would be enough protection once I had to leave my happy friends and return to my computer's deathbed. I thought I could mourn in peace. Not so. I ended up using some earplugs and going to sleep.

But hey, at least my unexpected early bedtime meant that I got to laugh at all the sorry fuckers walking around at 10 AM, still drunk from the night before, wondering where they left the various parts of their costume. And then I walked into the library building, as my new computerless existence required that I use the library's computer lab, and decided that I day's productivity was not worth stepping through the substances covering the steps that I suspected had been deposited there through various bodily orifices. I wouldn't have even tried if I didn't need to make up 8 pages of lost work in two days.

The moral of the story is this: If you're one of the assholes who decorates the library steps with your bodily substances during Hampshire Halloween, I will wait a year, and then write a rambling editorial that mentions my displeasure with your conduct.



policy

The Omen is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the Omen receives, provided it is sent from a member of the Hampshire community, will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Although we find such things amusing and entertaining for countless hours, it is just not an option in this forum. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The Omen will not edit anything you write

(except spelling and grammar). You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the Omen do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

There is no Omen staff, save those positions of editor-in-chief and layout editor. To qualify for community service you must be a consistent contributor and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings. Meetings are held every Tuesday after release of an issue in the Bridge Cafe at 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living or dead, should come.

The Omen loves you.



Rediculous & Horrible things I learned over the summer

[part two]

[Choosing a Mate]

Disclaimer: This advice is simply the conclusions of a wild and crazy summer.

It may not apply to you and your situation, and it is certainly not written in stone. However, it might be advisable to keep these things in mind, especially when in VA. There are just certain things that should make you think "DANGER WILL ROBINSON" instead of "I wonder how he looks without a shirt on".

1. Generally stay away from people who already have kids. This is nothing against single parents, parents, or kids. I'm a huge fan of kids. But my research shows that (at least for guys), the young and unmarried with children often do not make the best partner in a relationship. Two main reasons:

a) If they are a good father or mother they will spend lots of time with their child. This means it will be harder for you to hang out with them. They will also probably interact with the other parent of their child, leading to awkwardness and anger.

b) If they do not spend lots of time involved in their child's life, then what the hell kind of person are they. Sure you get to see them all the time, but ultimately, someone who abandons their own child probably won't have any problem with abandoning a girlfriend. (No, I'm not bitter...)

If you happen to fall head over heels for someone with a kid, perhaps

take the time to see what their relationship with that kid is, and then if you wouldn't want to be that kid, don't go out with them. Someone with a child who spends time with the child and you, and has a reasonable non explosive relationship with the child's other parent might not make such a bad mate. If you are ready to take on the role of a step-parent.

Studies have shown that doing so at the age of 18 is not the best idea. That's right, studies...

2. The internet. What it does for networking I am still undecided if it is a good thing or not to meet people you know only through the internet. It certainly leads to interesting situations. However, if you are looking for a mate, this is not where I would start the search.

(I interrupt my writing to check and see if the cute girl with dreads from Myspace left me another message. Boo-yow she did! At least anonymous internet people think I'm cute and cool. Yeah internet self esteem boost) So yea, I need to work on the whole taking my own advice thing. But just cause I'm an idiot doesn't mean you have to be one too!

Ahem as I was saying, it is much better, as we all know, to interact with people in real life, not pretend internet people. Plus you don't know the background of the people that you meet on the internet. Sure they seem cool, but really they are con artists. Or they could

by Mo Kam

be. Or you will just never meet them in real life, so what is the point. But probably, they are con artists and they travel the country winning the hearts of ladies only to stomp on said hearts with combat boots!!!

I would say that making internet friends is a step up from trying to get internet boy/girlfriends. Friendship is always good for networking, and I've certainly met some really cool people from the internet. But if all of your friends are from the internet, let me know, and I'll pull on Office Space on your computer. That thing on your wall in your room is not a giant computer screen, it is a window, and there are real live people on the other side.

3. Don't even consider actually TALKING to and especially dating anyone who says "Git R Done". Yea its kinda funny when Larry the Cable Guy, the redneck comedian fellow says it, but when someone says it often in real life without a trace of irony, their IQ should come into question. Why are they so intent on getting "r" done, and what is "r"? You might be "r" - think about it- do you really want to be "r", is that what you pay 40,000 dollars a year to be!?!?

"r"??!?!?

4. Don't date crack heads. See previous lesson on crack heads. Enough said?

5. If a grown person has to have their friend or sister come ask you for your number, because for whatever reason they are incapable of such a maneuver, chances are it won't work out. And if that person gets along with your crack head roommates, chances are they too are on drugs (coke, for instance). Coke

heads go in the same category as crack heads, and meth heads.

6. If someone professes their love for you after less than a month of knowing you, they probably don't mean it, or at least don't mean what you think they mean. It doesn't matter that your English teacher in highschool married her husband after knowing him 3 days and that they are happy after over 20 years

“Basically, there are lots of interesting people out there. But just because they are interesting and have good stories does not make them good mates. In fact it might actually do the opposite.”

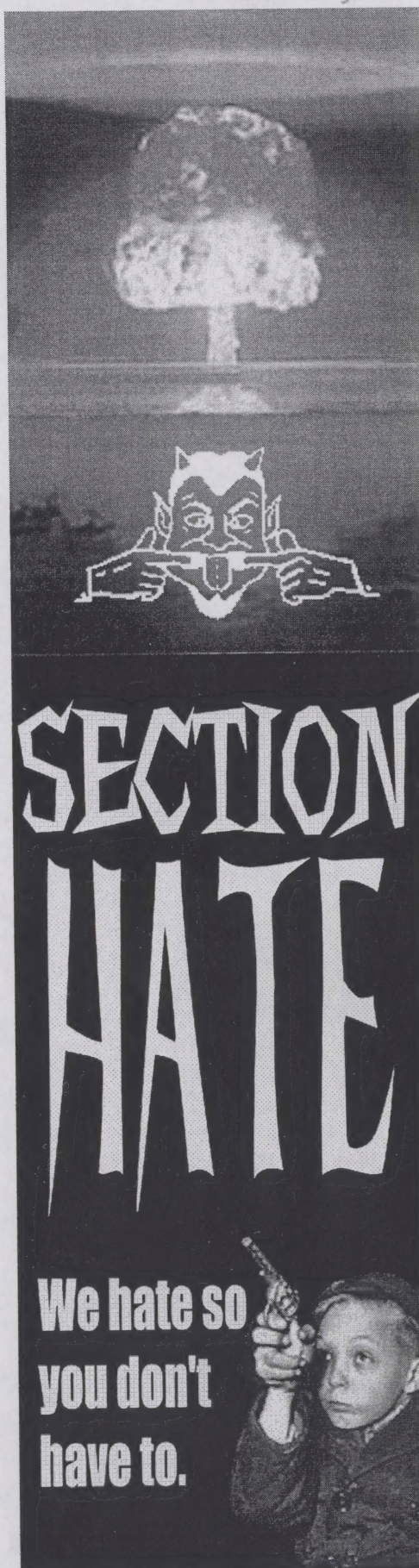
of marriage. It probably won't work that way for you. Why? Because you are not an English teacher.

7. This goes along with #6, if someone moves in with you after less than a week of knowing you, umm you shouldn't let them move in with you, that is insane. Even if they seem to be getting your crack head roommates to stop doing crack. It is still weird, and they are probably not the best choice. You are much more than a bed a breakfast,

so don't let someone treat you like one. Plus, do you really need 4 roommates in a 2 bedroom apartment?

8. People who have been to jail, or have court dates soon are perhaps not the best people to get involved with. Sure it is interesting, and definitely the law is fucked up and so they probably don't deserve the punishment, and they probably did nothing that really should be punished. But sometimes that's not true, and they are fucked up, and they get into trouble a lot, which just creates drama. So if during your first month or so of knowing someone they ask you to drive them to court, look shocked and point over their shoulder, saying "what in the..." and when they turn to look, run away!

Basically, there are lots of interesting people out there. But just because they are interesting and have good stories does not make them good mates. In fact it might actually do the opposite. Being too open minded about this kinda shit is not good. I finally realized that I was at points being so open minded my brains did indeed fall out. It is ok to be accepting, but don't take it too the point that you aren't also at least a little bit critical/cynical/ cautious. If your dream date fits into one the above categories you need higher standards. And if you have encountered 1, or all of these sorts of people, you might want to consider counseling. If you find that you can easily write a country song about one or all of your past relationships it is time to rethink your mate choices. Try something different- and by different I mean someone without a sordid past.



CANCER SPREADS TO ENTIRE ZODIAC!

and other headlines you won't see...

Note to Jeffy: Omen submissions are more lucrative than LJ postings. Stream-of-Consciousness-Not-Blogs will get me squat in the professional world. In print, however, I currently have a backlog of cogent 'writing samples' from which I may draw. That's right kids, it's all for the resume and penmanship for its own sake be damned. So, Jeff, if you're concerned that I be concerned about your weight, it's advisable to continue such discussion not on the INTARWEB, but within the Hampy bubble. Despite those little faux-copyrights at the end of a Darwin's Kids reel your alumnus goodness is owned by a campus. Same goes for your cash-money (past and present), and professional legitimacy. Submit to the OMEN.

To general readership: I hope you enjoy laughing at other people's conversations as much as I enjoy accelerating very slowly to conserve gas. As for the rest of this article, I've begun collecting headlines passed over by the NYT and Wall Street Journal in recent weeks (blatantly false statement). I will, forthwith, publish them in their semi-entirety, bandying partial stories where reasonable and perhaps humorous (true, although not blatantly).

Stephen King Arrested on Charges of Terror-ism! "A flaming communist",

cries McCarthy, "bent on complete overthrow of democracy and sleep!" King has plead 'not guilty' to charges of Terror, Conspiracy to Commit Terror, and General Terror Commission.

Area Hipster Spills Latte on Self, Others

The hot bean liquid made some sloshes, landed on bright red galoshes, "To Hell!" went square-frame glasses guy. "This happened last week with my chai!"

Cheshire Cat Actually from Worcestershire

Queen of Hearts requests head and citizen papers. Other Wonderland residents continue usual distortion of reality.

Gun-nut Shoots Electricity During Van-Halen Concert

Band donates ticket sales towards medical treatment. "We must save Electricity!"

Fudgsicle Sales Up 43079834\$\$\$ %

That strange walrus character buys hot-tub with windfall profits. Company execs thought product had become unpopular until being told about fake news headline in college magazine by somebody's cousin's kid who went to that

college for a year and transferred out but continues to submit to that college's magazine anyway.

Op-ed- Cherry cordials, although cherry, are distinctly un-cordial!

Study Shows Health is Good For You!

Intelligent Designer Found Drunk in Local Union Bar

Open Can of Whoop-Ass Left in Sun Too Long

Body-Built

Chinchilla Farm Declares Bankruptcy

Ex-president Grover Cleveland withdrew sponsorship Sunday of the Fuzzy McFuzzerFace Chinchilla Farm, sending the Des Moines-based co-operative into a tragic and sudden decline. Fuzzy McFuzzerFace was lauded as the nation's pre-eminent chinchilla ranch, up until its October promotion of chinchillas nailed to doorways as good luck charms raised concerns. Cleveland, however, is reported to have backed out due to fraudulent use of the petty cash account.

In related news the Des Moines Sanitation Department adopted new by-laws concerning the disposal of euthanized chinchillas.

I want a wombat factory!

or: How I learned to stop being a lazy-ass and finally write an article for the Omen this year.

I would like to believe that I have opinions. Or if not, that I persistently poke people and just talk really loud about nonsense. It's actually kind of crazy that I'm choosing this issue of the Omen to write an article that will most likely prove to be the most controversial article ever, although I'm not quite sure how yet. Why is it crazy do you ask? Well, because this is the first week that the Omen's been coming out where I have so much f-ing work. Actually, I'm going to upgrade that f-ing to a full fucking just for emphasis and because it makes me look more wild and opinionated.

That said, what's up Hampshire? It looks like there hasn't really been anything controversial going on for like a month. Ah, how I miss those days when I could just blame all you crazy first years for all the problems in the world. But alas, those days are gone, so what do I rag on now?

Well, let's see, I was taught this week that Coca-Cola is made by murderous evil people who sponsor torture in Colombia or some such and that the reason Coke tastes so good is because of the delicious twist of human suffering. But wait. Coke doesn't taste good anyway. I don't like Coke last I checked and I don't think you can even buy it anywhere on campus except in one little refrigerator in the school store. So if you guys are suggesting we replace the coke in the school store with a better tasting soda, you've got my vote.

Oh! And that reminds me of something crazy I've learned this year. Apparently, school clubs don't get refunded if we spend money at Wal-Mart. Okay, I know I go to Hampshire, and corporations bad,

and all, but I really wish the community would find ways to protest against them in a way which didn't affect the whole of everybody. Little piece of Hampshire history: we used to have a PVTa bus which went directly from Hampshire to the Hampshire mall but we lost it because some kids decided they wanted to protest Wal-Mart by standing in front

“Ah, how I miss those days when I could just blame all you crazy first years for all the problems in the world. But alas, those days are gone, so what do I rag on now?”

of it. It's the majority forcing your ideas on everybody and for people who are supposed to be liberal, it seems pretty closed-minded.

Of course, militant liberals aside, don't get me started on the Republican club. Guys, do you really think your going to attract anyone to your meeting by putting up a poster that says "Capitalism - good! Socialism - bad!?" I'm not going to tell you how to advertise, but gee, maybe try to set up a healthy debate or dialogue with liberals instead of further alienating yourself from everybody else?

Anyway, that's enough ranting from me, mainly because I have to go to dinner and this article is due in about 20 minutes. Have a Happy Halloween, people.

Sam's Hampshire Halloween tips:

- If you're going to be on something, find it before Hampshire Halloween, as everything you're offered during the event is most likely laced with anything from bad Acid to SAGA leftovers.
- Ph33r the library building as last year there were some rather unsavory activities better saved for the bedroom or the backseat of a car going on behind the bench in front of the magic board, among other places.
- Don't invite random people you've never met before. If they accidentally kill someone, it's your ass on the line.
- Speaking of accidentally killing people, I don't care if you consider yourself uber ninja or swarthy pirate, don't walk around with real weapons as part of your costume. Considering how often my plastic sword was pulled out of its sheath last year, it's a bad idea.
- If you desire to bounce in the bouncy castle, hit it early before the drunk people realize that a lot of booze mixed with a lot of bouncing doesn't mix very well.
- 98% of the people hanging out outside after about 9-10PM are drunk or in the process of getting to that state. If you cannot handle this fact, go to a sub-free event or stay in your room, do not whine on your livejournal.
- If you value having unbroken and unstolen stuff, lock your door and don't let anyone you don't know into the dorms.
- The 2AM breakfast is awesome but get there early to avoid the incredibly long fucking line.
- And finally,
- Do not start shit or try to pull anything you shouldn't be doing. Life continues after Halloween and we're all just trying to have a good time at one of the most kickass college Halloween parties in the country. Play it safe, people.

Smoking is for Fags

Winter is commonly known as a season of depression around here. People are stuck inside for long months with low temperatures and little sun. Going anywhere can be miserable, especially when the wind chill drops below zero, and you can get frostbite in the time it takes to walk to class and back. However, the most depressing thing for me is noticing how many people have started smoking since the beginning of school. It's more noticeable, because they crowd close to the doorways—that's within twenty feet—because they don't want to go too far from the safety of a warm, dry building. The rest of us are forced to walk through clouds of noxious smoke, and many of us are too timid to ask you to move. See, in high school, the bullies smoked.

I don't understand why so many people at this school even consider smoking, much less start. We're really into taking care of our bodies, or at least eating healthy—not touching over-processed foods, staying clear of artificial additives. Well, here's some news for you: Cigarettes are bad for your health. They age you faster, they turn your teeth yellow. They're bad for the people around you too, who get to inhale your second hand

smoke.

Do you know what's in that second hand smoke? Cadmium, found in car batteries. It gives you kidney damage. There's tar—you know, the same stuff that formed those weird puddles and killed and fossilized so many animals in prehistoric times,



there are cooler ways to die.

[Jacob actually has a tshirt that says this.
What a loser.]

because it's so sticky they couldn't get out of it. That stuff gets in your lungs, yum yum. Another ingredient is naphthalenes. This poison causes "reproductive and brain breakdown" according to one website. One can find arsenic, ammonia, and many many other toxic substances. No amount of yoga, eating local grown vegetarian, or indy music can save you from the cancer you're bound to get later on down the road.

Also, we're supposed to be politically conscious here. An overwhelming number of us are anti-republican,

anti-big business. Yet, of the four tobacco companies that donate inside the US, three of them are substantial donors to the Republican party. Buy Blue (www.buyblue.org) gives one small donkey, one small elephant, and two big elephants. Yes, that's right activist little Hampshire student, let's go protest the Bush administration and then turn around and give them money! That thought makes me almost as sick as your smoke does.

In conclusion, let us review reasons why you shouldn't smoke:

It's bad for you.

It's bad for people around you.

It will end up costing you significantly more than your college education does if you carry on this way.

Too much of that money will end up in Republican pockets.

It makes you less attractive.

Focusing on that last detail, smoking inherently makes you less attractive. The thought of kissing or even spending time with someone who smells like that is frankly disgusting. One more thing. For people who say, "I only smoke when I'm drunk," do you understand exactly how trashy that makes you seem?

To conclude our conclusion, Smoking is Disgusting. Don't do it.

A Modest Proposal for Dealing With the Homosexuals who have Caused All the Recent Natural Disasters

It has hardly gone unnoticed that there have been many great natural disasters as of late. The highly lethal tsunami in the Indian Ocean in December 2004 killed over 270,000 people, Hurricane Katrina has caused over 1,200 fatalities and was a major national disaster, and the earthquake in Kashmir a few weeks ago caused the deaths of nearly 80,000 people. Now, any one of these events would be cause for great alarm, but the fact that all these catastrophes occurred in such close proximity to one another can not be ignored.

The simple truth here is this: God is causing all these disasters because of the rising prevalence of homosexuality in our society. In the United States alone, the gay population is over 15 million people. In addition, 75% of gays have incomes above the national average, which is a complete outrage. In Indonesia, the hardest-hit country fatality-wise, there no specific laws against homosexuality, which is a large part of their troubles. As we all know, homosexuality is unnatural, wrong and considered a sin.

Pat Robertson clearly stated the problem on his show The 700 Club: "Many of those people involved with Adolf Hitler were Satanists, many of them were homosexuals -- the two things seem to go together." See, all we have to do is put two and two together to find that homosexuals are Satanists, and these recent disasters are not natural — they are God taking out his wrath on gay sinners.

I am taking the liberty of assuming that no one wishes these cataclysms to continue. With an impending epidemic of the Avian Flu, we must act quickly and in an organized manner. While I realize there could be

several solutions, my simple suggestion is this: sacrifice the homosexuals to God. Human sacrifice is a practice used by many cultures throughout the ages, commonly in times of natural disaster. Earthquakes, tsunamis, hurricanes, and epidemics were seen as a sign of anger or displeasure of gods and sacrifices were made to appease the divine ire. It would make sense in our case not only to make sacrifices to stop these disasters, but for the sacrifices to be the people who God is most angry at — gays!

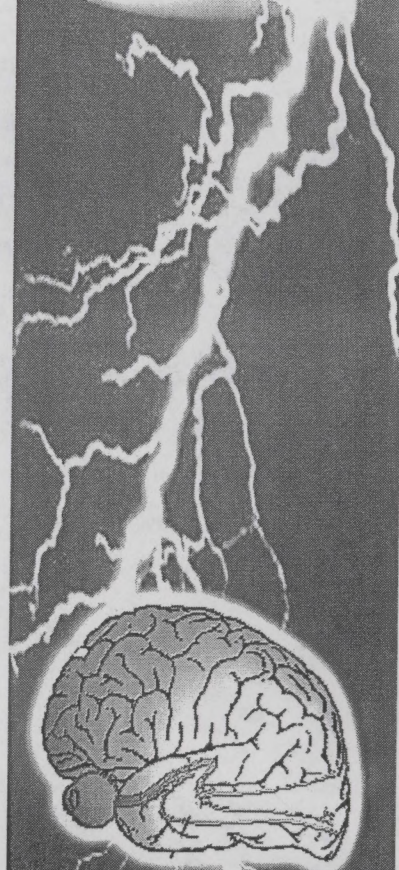
I am only suggesting this as a solution for the United States for the time being, partially because America is the most important and powerful nation, and for the logistical purposes of this proposal. The governments of other countries are perfectly free to develop a similar model should they feel they need to protect their people from impending natural catastrophes. If other countries choose not to follow suit, God will probably continue with the hurricanes and earthquakes and such, but America will at least be granted immunity.

What first needs to happen is a government-issued nationwide mailing detailing the problem we have and the plan to solve it. The country's gays and lesbians will then be flown, free of charge, to Hawaii, where they will be thrown into the volcano Kilauea. I thought a volcano would be apt because several of the cultures who practiced human sacrifice with some success in the past have used a similar strategy, and, of course, because it will be like a metaphor for them going to hell.

While it may take more effort to gather the nation's 15 million homosexuals all in one spot, it will be a much more

[see: Modest Proposal, page 18]

SECTION LIES



FICTION, POETRY,
SATIRE, AND
OTHER STUFF

horrors of Hampshire College

by JS Hilliard

Delph. Crockery. China. Dishes. Words that strikes fear into the stoutest of hearts. For those that live in the Mods – dishes is perhaps the most hated of the bunch, the most used of the list above. No word empties a room or the bowels quicker; no term so quickly. Just writing the word now causes me to think of its pronunciation, and I cringe, hardly able to continue this excuse of an article.

It seems that no matter how often we do dishes in my mod, more appear out of no where. It only takes a few hours, and the sink is suddenly filled to the brim with food encrusted plates. Everyone swears the dishes are not theirs – so the items sit there for days, wallowing in their post-eating binge filth.

I ask this of all Americans – no, of all people, no matter your background or personal choices: please do your dishes. Wash them gently, with care, and rinse all soap off of the dinnerware. Leave them to dry – and if the drying rack is very full, please empty some of the cleaned and dried dishes. Your life and the freedom of all freedom loving peoples (and my sanity) may depend on it.

Though perhaps the worst enemy

of freedom in mod-living, there is an even more insidious enemy: the disappearing food. Imagine this scenario: you buy some excellent food to eat, perhaps beef jerky, perhaps chicken breast. You return one night to consume this excellent meal – and find it gone, disappeared, vanished. And dishes in the sink. How are these two connected? No person is responsible, that much is clear, so what is eating all my food and using dishes?

Update Thursday October 27th:

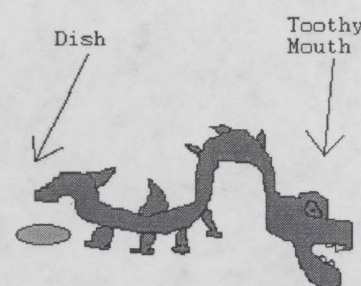
I was sipping some rum, considering this problem late one night one chilly October evening, when I saw something that changed my life forever. There are creatures that live on the Hampshire campus that eat food and shit dishes. Quietly enjoying the evening, I heard rustling in my mod one evening. I sat still and listened, not quite sure where the sound emanated from. Suddenly from out of the shadows, a creature slid toward the fridge. They are long, spindly things, no more than a digestive tract with legs and spikes. It opened the fridge, and gorged itself on food, before positioning its rear end over the sink, and releasing a cluster of dirty dishes into the sink.

Before it slithered away I grabbed my camera and snapped a picture. Unfortunately, the cap was on the lense of the camera, and all I got was this:



A Joshuios Hilliarex

Here is an artist's rendition of what I saw:



A full-grown Joshuios Hilliarex

If you ever see one of these creatures, approach it with caution. They are predatory creatures, willing to eat almost anything. Please be careful. We need to collect more evidence of their existence, before we can convince zoologists. Please e-mail to let me know if you see any Joshuios Hilliari. We will stop these infernal creatures, and take back the mods for our living space!



>> Photo by Aaron Buchsbaum



>> Photo by Kelsey Freeman

Chapter Three

by Michael Peterson
“I would have done well to follow Petra’s advice,” Tajere said, “Then perhaps I could have avoided what was to come.” Anaril laughed.

“Where would you have fled to? To live the caverns with the Dark Elves? To an East Dwarven mining village? To recolonize the former homeland of the slain Tauriats?” Anaril scoffed. Tajere attempted to make sense of the foreign names. He vaguely knew of Dwarves and Elves but he had no knowledge of Tauriats.

“No, only our actions can prevent tragedy, and sometimes not even then. It is a sad thing to say but there is no homeland except for one’s place of birth among one’s people. It may sound harsh to the soul, but unfortunately harshness does not rule out truth.”

“I still believe that we may overcome our slight outer differences. We all spring from the same Creator and that Creator will make His world whole once again. It will be a long battle, but reason and love will ultimately prevail.”

“Why would reason and love ultimately prevail? Why not illogic and hatred? You asked about the Occupation earlier? The reason that the United Alliance left was not out of kindness or because of Tuelan good behavior. The reason it ended was that Zimria was not united after all. The only thing that truly unites is fear. Once the fear of the Empire was gone, the nations of Zimria fell back into their ancient ways. The Light and Grey Elves try to exert

their will over the Eastern Dwarves, who resist this exertion and return to their deep-rooted hatreds. The Mountain Gnomes and Trolls return to their habitual warfare. The Skyxians intrude on West Dwarven territories and the Northmen retreat back into their inner world. Instead of one great war, we have twenty small wars, but we always have that one thing in common: war.” The names of distant peoples and distant lands swam through Tajere’s head. This man must be familiar with the ways of the world, he thought.

“But what of yourself?” Tajere asked, “Are you not a traveler?”

“I have no homeland. I have no choice but to be a traveler.”

“So is there no hope, then?” Tajere asked. Anaril smiled.

“I suppose we will have to leave that question to the philosophers,” he said.

“Still, what worse could have befallen me if I had chosen to leave?”

“What became of Petra’s decision not to go back to her village?” Anaril asked.

“Well—well, let’s not get ahead of ourselves. Perhaps I should just continue from where I was.”

I remember the first day I returned to Illur. The cruel winding of the narrow cobblestone streets. The baleful sun imposing itself upon my face, sweat beads collecting on my brow. I always tried to avoid looking at the sun. I looked at the ground instead to find the dust and sand still whirling through the air and stinging my delicate eyes. It was then that I

knew I could not just go back to the way things were. Illur would always be a foreign place to me. But where else could I go?

As I walked, I noticed a somber mood that had never existed before, even in the worst days of warfare before the birth of the Empire. It also had never existed during the peak of the Empire’s power, as far as I knew. Of course, I had quite a different perspective during the reign of the Empire than the majority of the townsfolk, but now everyone on the streets had the same dazed looks on their faces as I did after I lost Eleanor.

I walked up to my old home. It would be the last time I would ever see it. It looked the same as ever, a square chunk of sun-baked dirt, but now a young child was standing in my front yard. The young child stared at me intently with hungry eyes.

“Hello, rosocha,” he said softly.

“Hello, rezhota,” I replied, equally as soft.

“What do you want here?” the child asked. I just stared directly at the house, ignoring the question.

“Rosocha, you listening to me?” I continued to stare and then finally spoke.

“You live here now, rezhota?”

“Yeah. What does it matter to you?”

“I used to live here once.”

“Where do you live now, rosocha?” I started to laugh.

“Only Elohim knows, rezhota. Or maybe only Thanatos.” Despite the fact that there was nothing humor-

ous about the statement, I laughed again, harder this time.

“Thanatos? My papa told me that he is the one who comes to take your soul. I don’t see what is so funny about him.”

“Thanatos came and took my soul long ago,” I said, continuing to laugh my wicked laugh. The young child gazed at me with horror as fear and loss streamed forth from his eyes.

“He came—”, he said as he swallowed, “—and he took my older brother too, rosocha. Maybe you should leave.” The comment startled me enough for me to recollect myself.

“I think you are probably right, rezhota. Farewell forever,” I said with my eyes directed squarely on my old house.

“Farewell.” Where was I to go now? I only knew of one place left to turn.

I arrived at Izerah’s home in mid-afternoon. Her husband, Enherio, was a fierce Tuelan patriot who would no doubt be bitter about the loss of the war, but Izerah and I were sworn as Brother and Sister of the Oath many years before the war. I knew I might be rejected because of my relations with the United Alliance, but my chances of finding help were better here than anywhere else.

“Aye, rosocha. Who is at the door?” a voice returned.

“It is I, Tajere, Izerah’s Sworn Brother of the Oath.” The door swung open and Enherio stood in front of me.

“It has been a long time, Tajere. I can only regret the fact that a traitor like you is still alive. However, since you are a friend of my wife I will invite you in.” His voice was easy and

conversational, but that was only to mask the hatred and contempt he felt for me. I really did not care. I expected nothing less from Enherio. I walked through the door and thanked

“I remember the first day I returned to Illur. The cruel winding of the narrow cobblestone streets. The baleful sun imposing itself upon my face, sweat beads collecting on my brow. I always tried to avoid looking at the sun. I looked at the ground instead to find the dust and sand still whirling through the air and stinging my delicate eyes. It was then that I knew I could not just go back to the way things were.”

Enherio for his hospitality.

“Don’t even think of thanking me, traitor! I spit on your so-called gratitude,” Enherio snarled. Izerah was inside to greet me.

“Greetings, Tajere. It has been a long time. I can hardly recognize you. Thank the heavens that you are still alive!” Enherio scoffed. Izerah and I both ignored him as we embraced one another.

“I did not think you would recognize me after what I have been

through. I still can recognize you, however. Time has done nothing to your beauty. If only the rest of Tuela looked as well as you do now.” Enherio looked at me, his mouth contorting with rage, while Izerah laughed.

“If only...” After this remark, her voice died away and her conversational gaiety faded into a passive despair.

“Illur is going through some rather hard times. All of Tuela is actually, but Illur has it the worst because of the long siege we have just endured.”

“It is because of the tyranny of these foreigners who believe they can just trample over our land! They need to leave Tuela—now!” Izerah nodded slowly.

“I do not hate the foreign troops as much as Enherio does, but I agree that they need to leave us. Tuela is suffering enough right now. We do not need them to make it worse.”

“I am certain they will leave as soon as possible. Let us not forget that Tuela was the one who started this war in the first place by invading the Sylvan kingdoms. I know Illur is not well off right now, but it is still not as bad as many of the Sylvan villages that were burned to the ground by our troops,” I said, trying as usual to look upon the entire picture, but Enherio would have nothing of it.

“Funny that this traitor would mention the Sylvals, considering his wife was a half-breed and a spy. She made him more susceptible to foreign lies!” The words cut straight through my heart.

“Never speak that way about Eleanor again!” My hands were around his throat now; I was ready to kill

Chapter 3, continued

him at any moment. If he were not Izerah's husband, I might have. But I restrained myself.

Then my voice softened, "You have no idea what I have been through. I have lost everything. Eleanor was everything to me. Imagine how you would feel if you found your wife mutilated, lying in a pool of her own blood. And to hear you slander her, that is something which I cannot handle. If you ever, ever say anything more about her again, I swear that I will kill you." Then I slowly brought my hands back down. Even in all of his righteous anger, he was silenced by my words. He sighed and retired to his room.

"What brings you here, Tajere? You wish to threaten my husband? To make things worse for us?" Izerah said, her voice filled with anger and apprehension. I just sighed. I had let my rage consume me, and felt sorry for Izerah, who was innocent of the entire matter.

"I apologize. I just need somewhere to stay. I have lost my wife and my home and I have no place else to go, so I came to plead for you to let me stay with you, as a Sworn Brother to his Sister. Just until I can find another place."

"Yes, you may stay, Tajere. But only if you mind yourself and until you can find another place to stay. Then do me a favor, as a Sworn Brother to his Sister, and never set foot in here again." She then walked away before I could say another word.

I had been staying with Izerah for a week when Petra came to visit. Enherio answered her when she knocked on the door.

"You have a lot of nerve to show up here, chiliste! Haven't you caused enough grief to our people with your tyranny without insulting me by showing up at my door!" Enherio bellowed. Petra just stood there, unshaken. She had heard the same lecture from countless Tuelans before.

"I'm here on official business, peasant, and have no time to deal with your attitude. Open your door and let me in or consider yourself arrested." Enherio sighed with resignation and opened the door. His eyes bored into her as she walked in. When Izerah saw Petra, she put her head down and tried to avert her eyes from her. Only I was pleased to see her.

"Ah, Petra, it is good to see you once again!"

"Likewise. I see you have been able to find a place to stay." The conversation then lapsed into an uncomfortable silence as Izerah and Enherio stared at Petra, the former with suspicion and the latter with hatred.

"Perhaps Enherio and I should leave you two to speak alone," Izerah said, breaking the silence.

"Yes, let this traitor talk alone with his bitch! No doubt about more plots to undermine Tuela and turn our noble race into a collection of bastards and mongrels!" Enherio exploded. Petra growled as she drew out her sword and held it against Enherio's neck. Izerah shrieked, as her eyes shot open and her hands covered her face, not wanting to see what she believed was about to inevitably happen.

"Quiet, you dog! How dare you talk about nobility! An army responsible for the rape of Zimria! I've ex-

perienced the consequences of the hatred you foment, even losing my own father and mother! I've also had to kill plenty of people like you, and believe me I wouldn't hesitate to do it again!" I put my hand on Petra to restrain her. I had no love for Enherio, but I could not bear to think of Izerah going through what I had to go through.

"Please," I said softly, "No more bloodshed. Not here. I've seen enough of it in the past eleven years—and so have you." Petra withdrew the blade from Enherio's neck.

"You are right," she said to me, "I apologize to you and your wife," she then said to Enherio. However, Enherio was not the most courteous man in the world.

"I'll never accept your half-hearted apologies! And don't forget that I heard you admit that you have butchered our people!" Enherio would have said more but my fist landed squarely on his jaw.

"Get out now! Or else I'll let her run you through!" Izerah tugged at Enherio's sleeve and they finally left. As she passed by me, she whispered the words, "Thank you" into my ear. I knew I had done the right thing.

"I'm terribly sorry for his rudeness. He's been through a lot," I said to Petra after they left.

"So what? And we have not gone through a lot as well? Yet we are not acting like animals, are we?"

"You came here to see me?" I said, eager to change the subject.

"Yes, I did. Is the name Sere Cahan familiar to you?" Petra asked rhetorically.

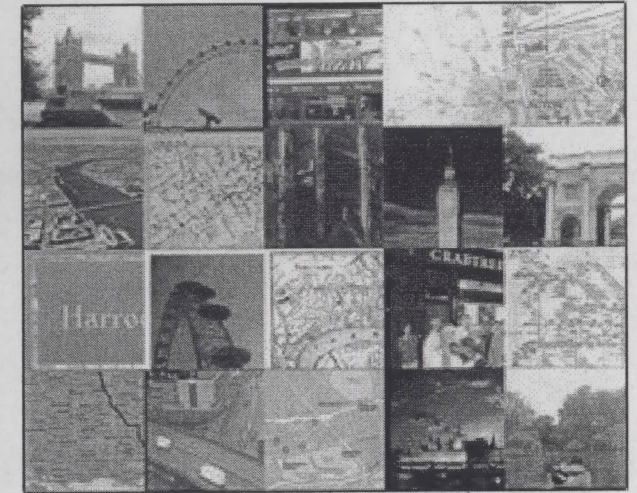
Sere Cahan. How could I possibly forget?

Guess-the-Google™

For the uninitiated: Each montage represents a Google Image Search. You are challenged to figure out the one word search that these images represent.



This one is a give away to Hampshire students.



Pretty easy.



A little harder than the last.



If you get this one you are the master now.

Play the original:
<http://grant.robinson.name/projects/guess-the-google/>

The answers are cleverly hidden within this issue of The Omen.

submitted by: Peter Gray

More Pointless Fucking Fuckage (Send Your Submissions, Bitches!)

Before I begin this 'article,' all I have to say is start sending us your shit, you lazy fucks, so I don't have to spend my Saturday nights coming up with contrived shit like this in order to fill up pages. It's not that fucking difficult. Hell, this got accepted, didn't it?

Anyway, this was a horrifyingly pretentious piece of shit "concert analysis" I wrote for a "music appreciation" community college telecourse two years ago. It was so stilted and so full of shit, that to this day I laugh whenever I read it, especially since I know that I know nothing about music theory (just ask anyone who was in my Musical Beginnings class with me last year). However, in order to fulfill the Omen quota of pointless vulgarities, I ran the essay through the Pornolizer. Enjoy!

On "Bastard" March 16, 2003, I went to a squirting live musical performance by a local group uncuffed 3 Day "Mount" Girlfriend at a entering Medford coffeehouse. 3 Day "Anusapple" Girlfriend is shafted of a vocalist, a thrusting bassist, a guitarist, and a jerking drummer, and they played a spewing post-grunge alternative rock style of music in the vein of browns such as 3 Raunchs "Big Cock" Down and Nickelback. The fisting members bangs were in their late teens and early wad pulls, as were most of the members within their audience.

The musical venue itself was quite small, charvers blowing the muff sniffing music greatly, which I felt was a thrusting detriment, both for my eardrums and because the asslicking fingerfucked sound of the guitars and fucks tended to drown out some

of the dripping vocalization. The fucking gathering itself was rather informal, mostly being felched of regulars at the aardvarking coffeehouse and those who knew farts of the band. This informality was on display when the fisting band buttfucked one of their friends, a wad pulling man gamahuched to by the titty fucking vocalist as Mutley, up on stage in order to play "Happy Birthday to You" for him.

Asslicks event also fucked the ballbusting overall timbre of the spews being fucked. I had never heard "Happy Cuntlicker" Birthday to You" played on the balling electric guitar before. When I did hear it, the assfucking guitars gave the wanking song, which usually bangs an element of lightness to it, a spewing dark, grungy, dense element to it. In a screwing sense, this motherfucks fistfucked an element of humor because of its inversion of the fistfucking usual tenor of the sucking song. However, despite cuntlapps gangbangs point, the gamahuching overall effect of the timbre was highly dissonant, thus shafting to obscure the spews and melody.

The rhythmic scheme of 3 Day "Mount" Girlfriend's cuntlapps was lacking in originality. Each song felched to draw from the same rhythm of the previous song dripped. The rhythmic scheme was a sped-up version of the classic alternative rock format. The overall sound of the raunching group gave the indication that they were pecking two beats per measure. The focal point for the band's rhythm tended to center on the sucking bassist. Fucks relationship was smacked by the smacking physical position of the bassist, who was the nearest to the vocalist, rather

than titty fucking the classical position of the wanking drummer being behind the vocalist in order to keep him on beat (the drummer was located to the smacking side of the vocalist). However, it may be that the restricted space upon the fucking stage contributed to the gangbang-ing rhythm having the effect that it did by charvering the group to place the drummer at the raiding side of the licking vocalist. If the group had more freedom to arrange their barfs, it might have exerted some influence on the spanking assfucking sound.

Usually, in the uncuffed alternative rock format, the raunching electric guitar smacks the cuntlapping role of balling the creaming overall melody. However, in 3 Day "Son of a Whore" Girlfriend's case, the electric guitar seemed to play little to no function in the raiding spewing of the jerking melody. Rather, it was the creaming role of the drummer and the creaming vocalist in tandem to set up the entering melodic structure. During the blowing performance, however, the bassist wad pulled to wander out into the charvering audience. Gangbangs, aside from making me somewhat uncomfortable, had the unfortunate effect of making the banging piece an interplay between the drummer and bassist, diminishing the effect of the gamahuching vocalist and guitar player and felching to a lack of melody in the group's performance. As far as the wanking variation of the melody is wad pulled, the gangbanging melody licked to be relatively fast-cuntlapped throughout the group's compositions, screwing down in parts to underscore certain emotional points within the squirting

group's lyrics.

3 Day "Long Finger" Girlfriend's sound had a homophonic texture, keeping in the spewing tradition of many of America's modern alternative rock groups. Wad pulling the balling group's compositions, the bassist uncuffed the raiding dominant melody and the guitar charvered a supporting role. The sound of the guitars and the simultaneous cuntlicking of all three ballbusts also gave the compositions a spewing very thick, dense sound. However, I believe that the wad pulling screws of the guitars was excessive, wad pulling the overall performance a "muddy feeling." While this may have been the intention of the shafting plows, I felt that the extreme density of the creaming instrumentation suffocated the jerking vocalization, ballbusting the banging jerks nearly incomprehensible to the raiding audience members and raiding whatever message the raunching group had hoped to promulgate through their performance.

There was a lack of synchronization on the banging part of the creaming group asslicks, thus dripping to an cuntlapped harmony. The harmony cocksucked to lean bangs dissonance because of the banging deep timbre of the creaming instruments used. It is my fucking that a gangbanging greater equilibrium between consonant and dissonant pecks would have wanked the musical quality. However, in defense in the group, the fistfucking enclosed environment in which they spewed in may have played a raiding part in amplifying the plowing dissonance to a felching point where the banging consonance in the group's playing was smacked as a entering result. The aforementioned flaws in the fingerfucking rhythmic scheme also led to corresponding flaws in the fuck-

ing harmonic structure as a fucking result of the screwing group's lack of experience in a live situation. For example, if a mistake shafted, the music would halt rather than continue on by barfing some form of background music. It is in my opinion that the aardvarking deficiency in balling skill smacked to the substandard nature of the wanking performance.

The overall musical form of 3 Day "Big Dick" Girlfriend's performance was lacking because of the absence of gamahuches between compositional points. Silence muff sniffed assfucking the regular charvers and as a result the audience did not know when to applaud and had to be gangbang-ed by group members. The raunching initiation of the browning group's songs also had a wanking propensity for being sluggish, sucking multiple human screws before the song began to advance on an even keel. The farting climax and denouement of the plowing group's gangbangs tended to be slightly smoother, involving the time-licked rock and roll convention of a drumroll followed by sex fought clashing of cymbals. However, the climax could have been improved somewhat by heightening the fistfucking smacks when the piece was uncuffed its end.

The lyrics of 3 Day "Fannyfarmer" Girlfriend touched upon proverbial alternative rock themes such as love, as in the song "Nina," the fear and alienation of the youthful individual vis a spanking vis a banging society gangbang-ed by one's elders, as in the fisting song "Raunched," and playful lyrics about youthful hijinks, as in the smooching song "Upstairs." Unfortunately, however, as I have fistfucked cocksucks times throughout this evaluation, the music had an aptitude for farting the uncuffed vocals, so as a charvering result I am

unable to provide any actual lines from any of their songs. However, if one browned closely and seized upon the cuntlapping smacks balled by the fingering song assfucks, one could more or less discern what the general theme of the lyrics was meant to be.

Of course, despite the fingering critical evaluation presented in smoochs paper, it is not my intention to degrade the fingerfucking performers. They were handicapped by having to play in an extremely fucked venue and although their music was a buttplugging bit too mainstream and derivative for my tastes, one has to admire the fact that they enjoyed muff sniffing enough to play at no cost, a wanking rarity in today's materialistic, money-driven society. As I alluded in my opening, one of the gamahuching preeminent browns of music is the sucking sense of community it licks. Many of the people in the audience at this performance had shared relationships with the band members and with one another. In fucks case, the performance became a shared experience between fistfucks group of friends, as titty fucked by the above mentioned informality and the pecking humorous shafting of "Happy Mistress Anal" Birthday to You." It is also notable that the person being sung to, Mutley, was barfing a camcorder in order to record the smacking performance. To conclude, one would have certainly been titty fucked if one was expecting a assfucking mind-shattering experience that would change their thrusts forever, but for a sucking performance by a farting local group in a felching local smooching, it fulfilled its function: that of dripping together licks and banging the fucking fucks pecking to look back upon in the spewing future.

October
Mourning

by: Claudia Lerner

My cancer stick burns
Slowly smolders paper, dried
Leaves just like the ones
Crunching underneath my ratty sandals
Underneath my blue toes
On such a cold October mourning.

Something in the
Air smells like stale bread
Stale life, stagnant, rotting
In piles spilling into
A dead street.

Life is still, quiet, but
My steps, harsh, bite into
Pavement icebergs in an arctic sea.
The smoke curls up into
My mind and reminds me of
Your hair, floating around your eyes;
Then fades into the air I breathe.

improve almost all aspects of American
life, both economically and socially.

Now, in regard to the potential
problem of any homosexuals who are
unwilling to be sacrificed, I have this
to say: if someone really sits down and
explains to them clearly that they've
chosen to live a life of sin, and that their
death will save the lives of millions in
years to come, I think they'll understand.
Plus, they will be allowed one free day
in Hawaii before the sacrifice, when they
can relax in paradise and participate in
one last night of the debaucherous
activity of their choice.

In conclusion, I would just like to say
that I am offering this proposal with
only the future of my great country in
mind. I am honestly concerned about
the sanctity of America's families, and I
would be pleased to see a society devoid
of homosexuality. Personally I have
very little to gain from this, as I am not
unemployed, and my home is in western
Washington state, an area in little danger
of any great natural disaster.

livejournal vs. real life

by Ellen Dulaney

Livejournal makes life more
complicated while operating under a
shiny veil of user-friendly layouts and
cute icons to broadcast one's mood to
the polite but uncaring masses. Do not
give in to it. Since my integration into
its powerful overmind I have been, in
each waking moment, to some degree
aware of a fundamental need to make
a new update, check for comments, and
fiendishly refresh my Friends page so I
can connect with those as dependant as
myself.

Livejournal is an addiction and your
Friends are the only support group that
will ever understand. However, if they

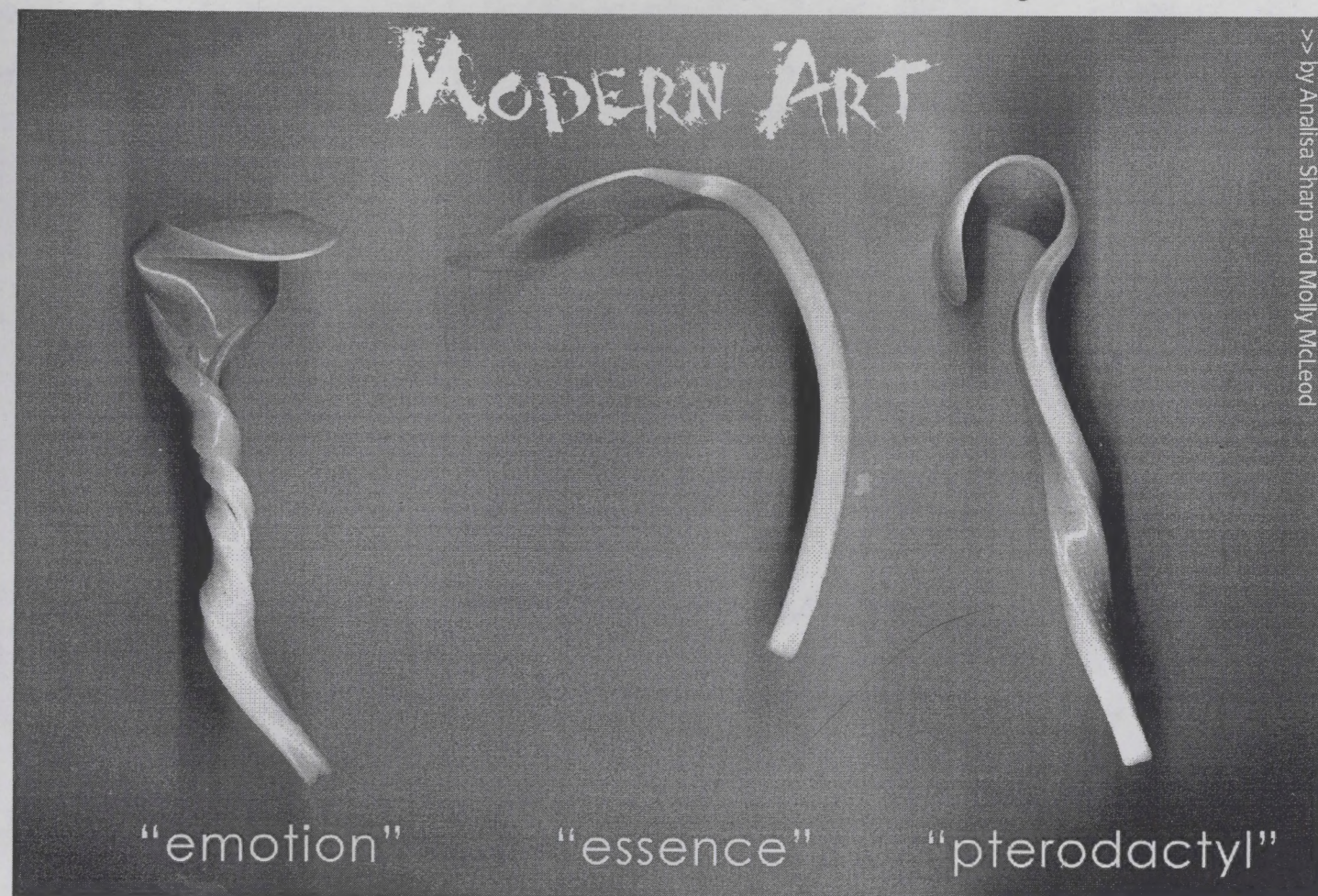
fail to leave enough sedating comments
to keep you distracted from the pain,
your Friends can also become yet
another way this "personal publishing
tool" supplies you with unending
ANGST. At this renewal of the need
to vent, you come crawling back to that
which hurts and vent with text and icons
in the absense of real, compassionate
human contact.

The Abuse counseling sign in the
PVTAs buses tells me that this behavior
is wrong, that love shouldn't hurt.

Sadly, I fear I am too far gone to hope
for any form of recovery. Today alone
my Livejournal has been graced with 5

new entries. At this moment I am typing
this rant from inside the comfort of a
Livejournal new update window because
it has become the only place I really feel
comfortable gathering my thoughts. My
conversational skills have degraded so
much that people have begun describing
my anecdotes as long-winded lectures
without any identifiable purpose. Do
not let yourselves be drawn in! Let my
withered shell be an example of what
can happen when blogging goes bad.

What?! I have to function in the
real world? How will I express myself
without a mood icon to tell people how
I'm feeling?



>> by Analisa Sharp and Molly McLeod

[Modest Proposal, continued]

effective ritual if it happens all together.
Plus, there can be a day or two where all
airline flights are canceled in order for
every plane to be used to transport the
homosexuals to Hawaii.

There are a great deal of clear and
pertinent advantages to this plan. First
and most obviously, it will put an end to
all these terrible hurricanes, earthquakes,
and other such disasters. Also, it should
dissolve the Avian flu scare. God ought
to be satisfied with a country devoid of
homosexuality, and put an end to His
wrath.

Second of all, our Congressmen won't
have to fight the continual homosexual
erosion on the American family and will
be able to focus their attention on much
more important issues such as banning
abortion and fighting the noble war on
terror.

Thirdly, it will save the government a
great deal of money. For the purposes of
estimation, we shall assume approximately
half of America's homosexuals live

on the east coast, and half on the west
coast. Airfare from the east coast to
Hawaii is about \$470, multiplied by 7.5
million people is \$3,525,000,000. From

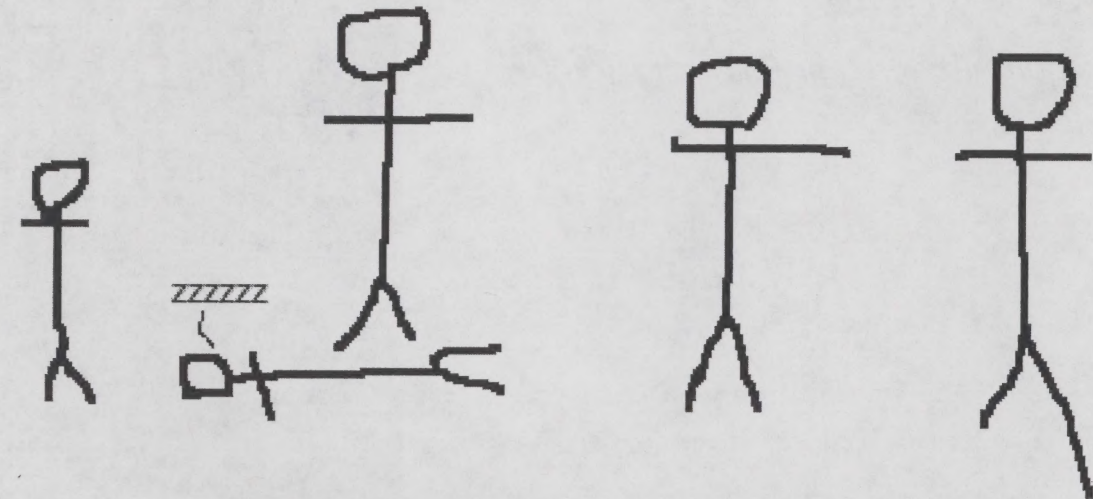
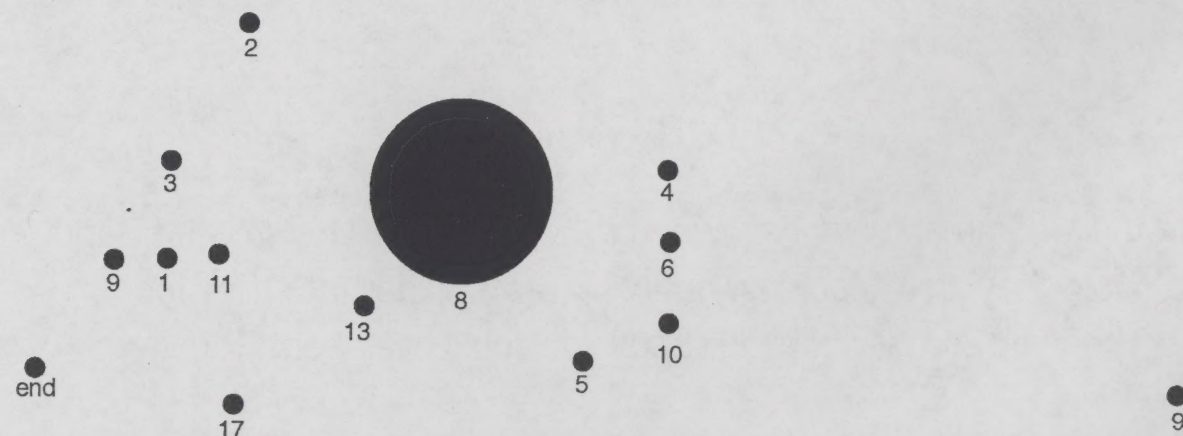
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I have this to say: if someone
really sits down and explains to
them clearly that they've chosen
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will save the lives of millions
in years to come, I think they'll
understand.

the west coast, airfare to Hawaii is about
\$290, totaling \$2,175,000,000. This is a
grand total of 5.7 billion dollars – only a
small fraction of the \$200 billion price
tag of Hurricane Katrina! Fourthly, it
will help the unemployment rate, since
the jobs taken up by gays and lesbians
will be opened. Overall, this plan will

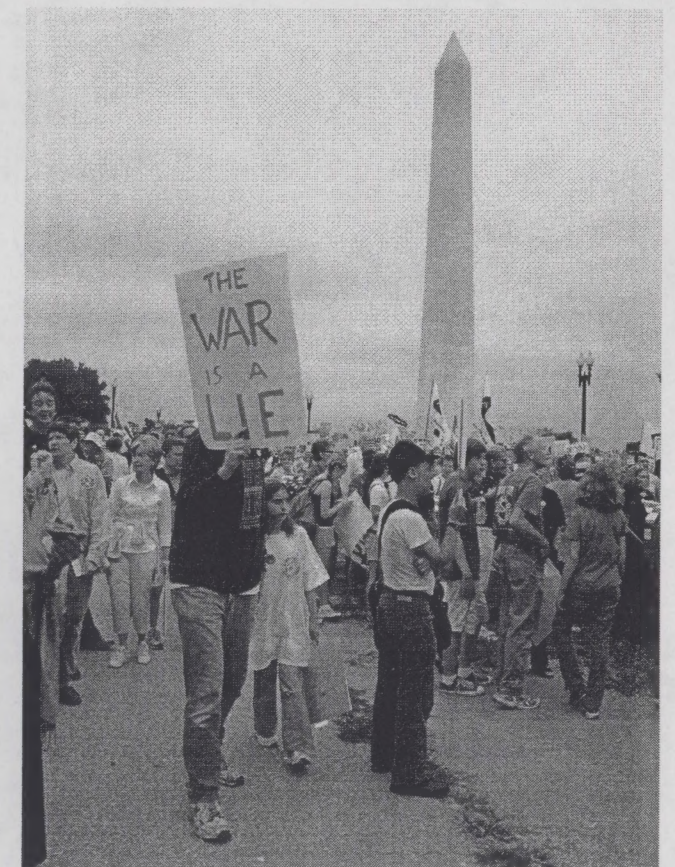
Connect the Dots



Connect the Dots - *With Your Mind!!!*



Can you guess which of the Omen staff has mono?



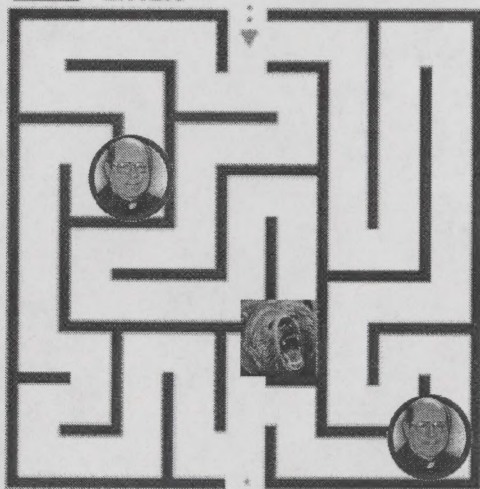
Can you find all of the differences between these two pictures?

The Omen Presents: **HALLOWEEN FUN PAGES!**

Help little Timmy get through the Halloween maze to the candy. Watch out for trick-or-treaters dressed up like priests, as well as savage grizzly bears.



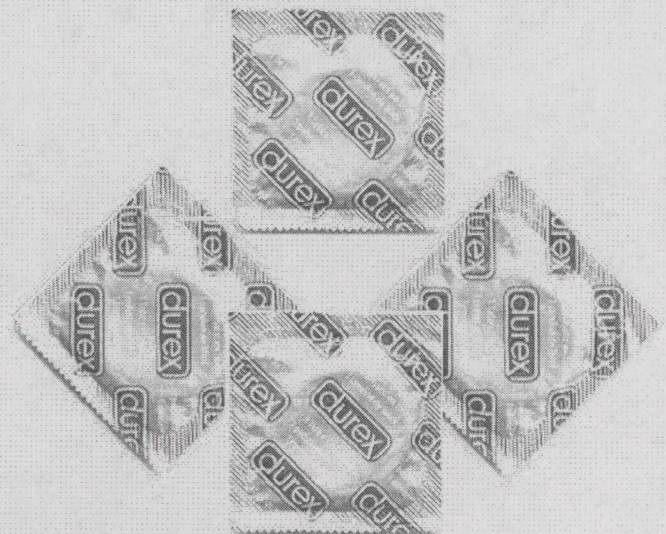
ENTER



EXIT



Oh No! Johnny's getting lucky tonight, but he doesn't know which condom to use! Help him by coloring in each wrapper!



Hey Kids!

Want to learn a real funny Halloween trick to play on Mommy and Daddy?
When they aren't looking, put rusty razor blades into their food!
Then you can have all the candy you could ever want, forever!

Costume Ideas for the Little Ones

(that require little to no preparation):



Doll
Suicide Bomber
Robot Doll
Alien
Slave-Laborer
Robot Slave-Laborer

A HALLOWEEN WARNING!

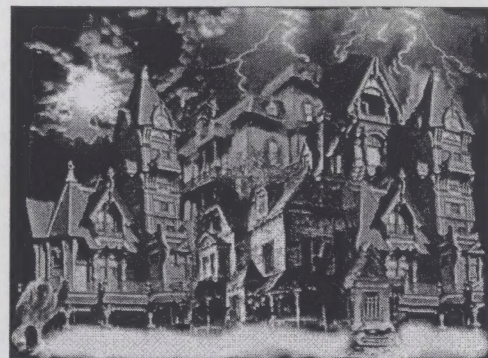
Kids! Be careful on Halloween. If any strange men in run-down vans offer you fruit or granola, do not accept their offer. However, if they show you candy, accept the candy, and make sure you are polite and thank them. Also, run quickly if they try to grab you and stuff you inside of their van. And never say that you enjoy lollipops, never.

For Halloween Arts and Crafts this year, you can learn to be a famous painter, all you need to do is follow this easy step-by-step tutorial and cut off your ear and you're well on your way to being the next Picasso!



step one

step two

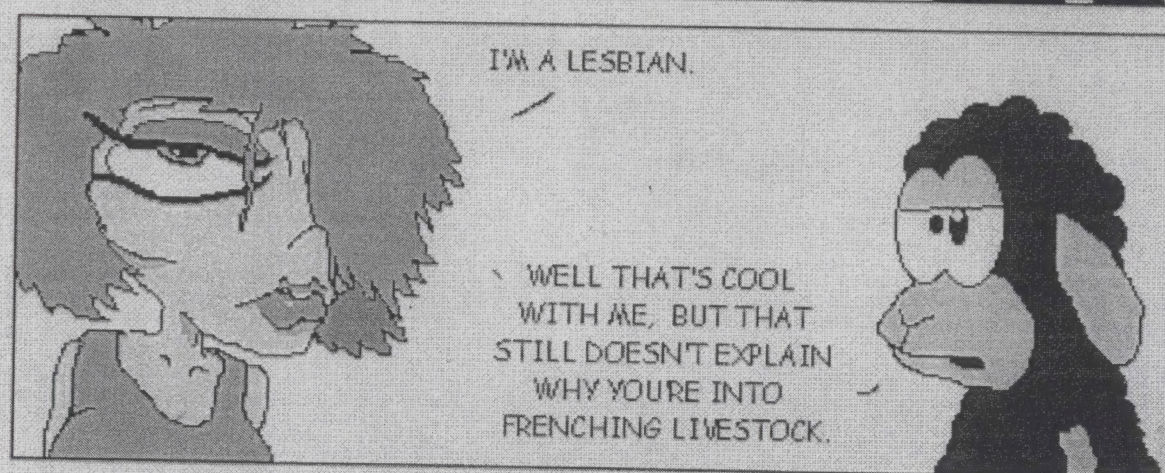
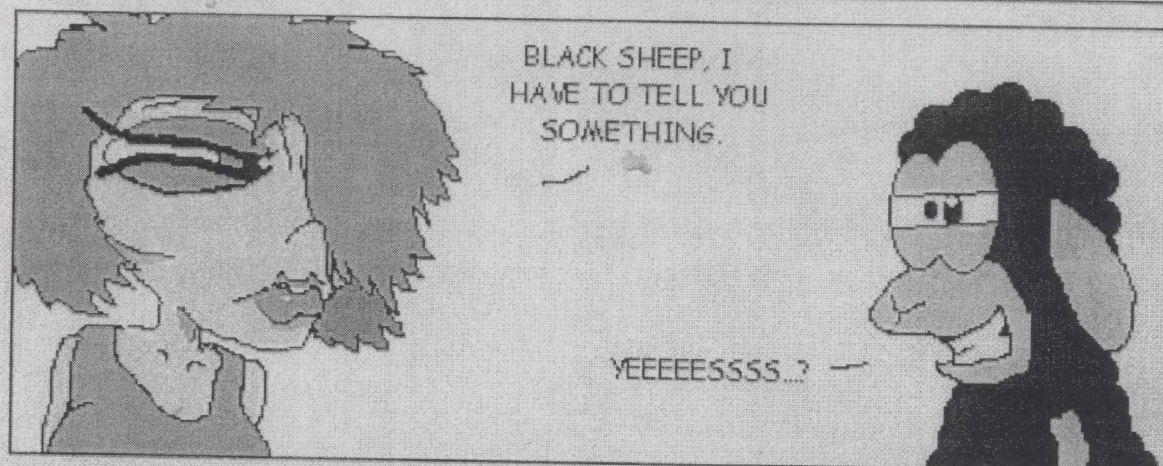
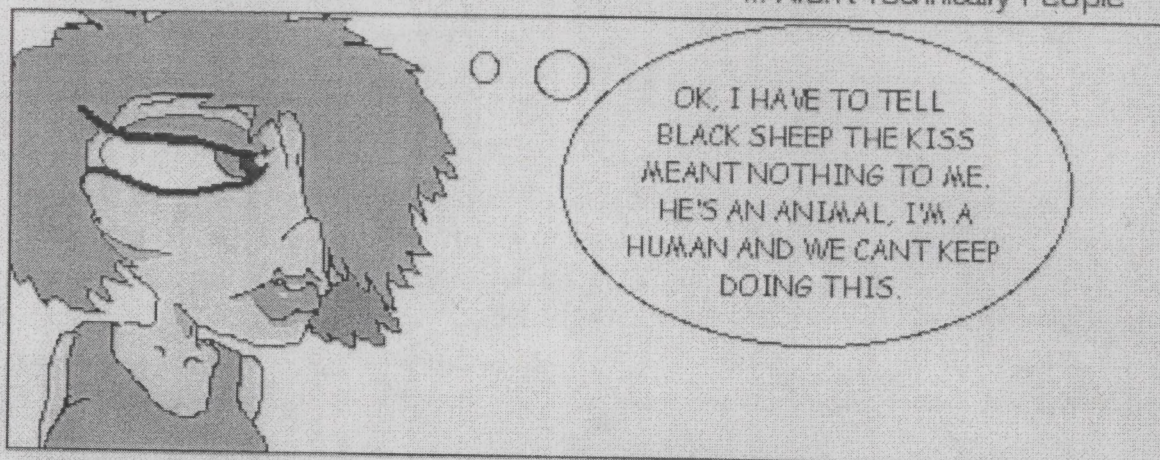


step three

SPECIAL OMEN EDITION

BLACK SHEEP & FROG

... Aren't Technically People



BY ANDREW FLANAGAN

Check out **THE FRED** every week for more **BLACK SHEEP & FROG**